

FROM CHILDREN TO UMBRELLAS.

THINGS THAT PEOPLE IN NEW YORK ARE CONSTANTLY LOSING.

"What do we do with the children who are lost and brought in here?" repeated the good looking sergeant at one of the station houses in the thickly populated part of the West Side. "Oh, we just put them in the inner room there and keep them until a clock at night if they are not claimed. Then they are sent to Police Headquarters."

The inner room is not attractive as a permanent resting place for the day while the mother or father wanders about trying to trace the lost child. There is nothing there to amuse the little wanderer, and the hours must seem very long. According to the account of the policeman,



day ranges from fifty to a hundred. The places are crowded, and toys and matrons, the luxuries of Police Headquarters, do not have to be provided. Impromptu scraps afford the needed excitement.

It is only in the uptown stations, where only three or four a day are registered, that life is tame and monotonous. In these downtown precincts it is practically understood that few weeping mothers or distressed fathers will appear, weary and worn, to be greeted with ecstatic screams of delight by the tired, frightened children.

In these stations the procedure is quite different. Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Lichtenheim, as the case may be, having an engagement for a day's work or pleasure, promptly drops little Barney or Ike in a much frequented part of the streets and disappears.

At night she appears nonchalantly at the station and asks the sergeant: "Where's my key?" Seeing Ike engaged in a passage at arms with Barney, she promptly seizes them both, informs the policeman that she'll see that Barney gets home, and walks off with her charges. It is quite a satisfactory way of disposing of the encumbrances and is taken as a matter of course at the station houses in question.

Once in a while the mother does not come for her child until the next day, and is indignant when she learns that the wait has been taken to Headquarters.

"Shure an' didn't ye know that I'd be after comin' for me Dinnis some time?" asked an irate mother of one of the sergeants. "I've been waitin' him here off an' on for a year now. Me husband goes up to the island enough to have his children properly cared for by the police."

One of the most interesting lost children cases in police annals landed the principal party concerned behind the bars.

A child was deserted in one of the downtown hotels. It was taken to the station house and later to Police Headquarters. Inquiry had by this time elicited the fact that the boy had been willfully deserted by his father. The story told later in court, and sworn to by the parent, was to the effect that he had married a second time and had never dared to tell his second wife



A GIFT FOR SISTER.

THE MAN WHO ELECTROCUTES.

STATE ELECTRICIAN DAVIS A PERSON OF MYSTERY.

Has Put Seventy-four Persons to Death—Nobody Knows Where to Find Him Between Executions—Is Threatened: Don't Afraid—His Views of His Calling.

When he killed the Van Wormer boys in the State prison at Dannemora last week State Electrician Edward E. Davis finished his seventy-fourth execution by electricity. Of these, seventy-one occurred in this State, two in Massachusetts and one in Ohio.

This man, who invented the electric chair, owns the patents on it and is the only man who can absolutely be depended upon to conduct an execution without a hitch, is remarkable in other respects. Thus, wherever he goes he floosks by himself. He rarely speaks to anybody unless he is spoken to first, and then he is found to be a most affable person, more than anxious to talk about himself and his work.

He will cheerfully answer any question put to him, no matter how personal it may be. About his work he is absolutely cold blooded.

—looks upon an execution as a matter of business, nothing else. In this he reminds one very much of little Joe Atkinson, the old Tombs hangman, who was as cheerful an executioner as one would care to meet.

"My dear sir, I do not kill these men," said Mr. Davis just after the Van Wormer execution to an inquirer. "The people of the State of New York, acting through a Judge and jury, kill them."

I am simply the instrument of the law. I work the machinery by which the State of New York takes the lives of murderers."

Davis is a little, gray haired man of 60. Ask a New York politician who is the hardest man to find in the city and he will tell you Tim Sullivan. Ask a State official at Albany, especially Superintendent of

Prisons Collins, who is the hardest man in the State to find and he will tell you it is Davis.

Davis is a living mystery. He slips from place to place, never maintaining residence in a given locality for any length of time and rarely letting anybody know where he is.

Every once in a while he appears suddenly in Albany, maps out his work for the next few months, and then goes away again, whether nobody knows.

He is absolutely depended upon, however, to put in an appearance at a State prison where there is to be an execution several days before it is to take place.

He goes right to the death chamber and gets everything in readiness, and after the execution he goes away as silently and as mysteriously as he came.

The State pays Davis \$150 for each man he kills. It has tried repeatedly to buy his patents, but he will not sell. If he should die there are probably plenty of men who would be able to work his apparatus, but it would be more or less of an experiment, even if an electrician willing to do the work could be found.

Davis's mysterious movements are attributed by some to a fear of assassination. Davis was asked about this recently and laughed heartily. He receives many threatening letters, he said, but pays no attention to them.

The night before an execution Davis goes to bed very early and leaves word that every precaution is to be taken not to have any noise around his room. He sleeps like a top and wakes up bright and early.

His work in the death chamber, outside of preparing the apparatus, is very slight. He looks on while the keepers strap the man in, then puts his hand on the switch and at a signal turns on the current. He never leaves the switch after the first shock until the man in the chair is officially declared dead.

Very naturally, some people have an aversion to Davis because he is the State executioner. Far from being annoyed by this, Davis is rather amused.

At a recent execution Davis took dinner at a hotel near the prison. Several regular

boarders at the hotel refused to sit at table with him, preferring to wait until he was through.

Davis calmly ate his dinner, reading his paper, and the hungry boarders waited for him to get away.

Davis has no assistants. He does his work alone, and unpleasant as the work may seem, he certainly does it well.

WENT TO CHINA PENNILESS.

Adventures of a Member of the Senior Class at Syracuse University.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 10.—Syracuse University has in its senior class a young man of many adventures. He is a sign of the times, and he has been everywhere.

He has been to college every fall for adventures that would make good reading in a novel of the Deadwood Dick type.

He established a reputation as a dead-broke traveler three years ago, when he left the university in his freshman year and started for China without a cent in his pocket. His object in making this trip was to rescue his sister, a missionary, from the hands of the Boxers.

Hook worked and beat his way across the Continent, obtained a chance to work his passage on a Pacific Ocean steamship, and landed in China during the Boxer uprising. Upon his arrival he found that his sister had already escaped and gone to Japan. After a series of adventures in China he worked his way back to the Continent, after having stopped off long enough to see his sister.

Two summers ago Hook worked in the wheat fields of North Dakota. When the season was over he staked out a claim and built a small board house on it.

After college closed last June he started west again, dead broke as usual, with the intention of finding his claim and making the required improvements on his land.

After walking sixty miles from the railroad station in the midst of a snowstorm, he discovered that not a sign of his house remained. Everything movable had been swept away by the fierce winds which prevailed throughout that country last winter. Hook at once made friends with the other settlers. With their help he built a substantial dugout, which is the only kind of house that is suitable for that part of the country, where the weather goes to extremes.

Hook intends to go out there and grow up with the country after he graduates from the university next June.



IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

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In the department stores children are often lost, the mothers in the excitement of chasing bargains forgetting that, like charity, watchfulness should begin at home. The children are kept for a few hours at the lost articles enclosure and then taken to the nearest police station.

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"You say you were on your way to Brooklyn?" he asks.

"Yes, to visit my sister."

"It was going downtown from Fifty-ninth street?"

"Yes. There was a man seated in the train next to me, and he looked as if he might have taken it, and I noticed that a woman was looking very closely at me when I got up, but I am sure I left it in the seat."

The attendant lifts a blank from the desk and asks:

"Name?"

"Mary Smith."

"Residence?"

"Two hundred West — street."

Ranged about the small room are the packages, the footman and jettison of rapid transit and its consequent forgetfulness. There are umbrellas, parasols, knobby parcels, boxes, square and round.

"No, we do not have any great number of lost articles turned in," said the clerk in charge. "There is an idea that hundreds come in every hour, but it is not true, and this is supposed to be the biggest shop in town."

"We have perhaps half a dozen a day, but most of them are articles that the shopper has bought and then left on the counter. After these have been kept a reasonable time, say a month, they are turned into the stock and sold again."

"Umbrellas? Yes, a few, but they are usually reclaimed, and those that are not, are kept for use by the employees. Most of the articles that are lost in the stores are picked up by other customers, who either see them dropped or else find them on the counter, and never reach the lost article enclosure."

"This is particularly true of purses; they are rarely turned in. Of course, the woman who knows she lost her pocket book in the store holds everybody responsible, from the floorwalker to the girl who waited on her, but in a majority of cases the truth of the matter is that the purse was picked up by somebody outside."

The place for lost packages found on the surface cars is at Fifth street and Eighth avenue, and for those found on the elevated roads at Greenwich and Morris streets. At either place, no matter at what time you enter, you are sure to find a worried looking woman with her hat on straight, which, according to the present style, is a sure sign that it is in reality on crooked, asking for a lost purse.

The police attendant listens to her tale of woe, as if it were the first and only purse



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"Contents?"

"Two dollars in change. No, I think there was three dollars in bills. Let me see, yes, two dollars and a half in bills; a poem on love unrequited; a sample of pink pajamas—no, I mean pink kimono—and two shoe laces."

"I think we will have no difficulty in identifying it," responds the attendant, "and a postal card will be sent you if it is turned in. You said this morning?"

"Yes."

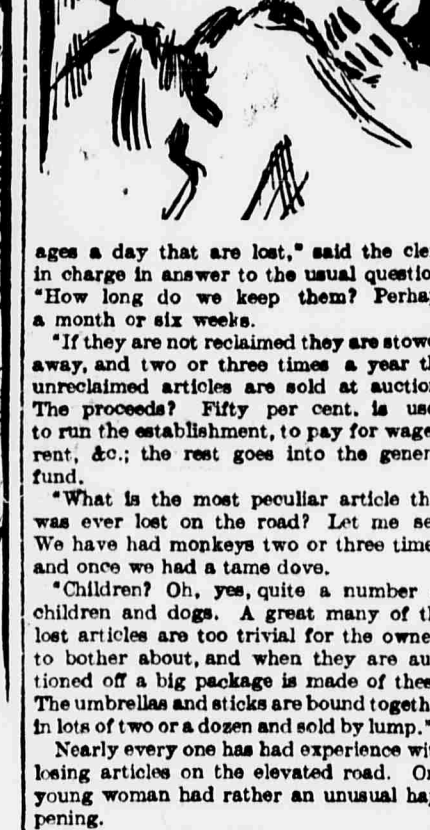
"You will probably hear to-morrow."

She goes sadly away, and is replaced by another woman, who has lost an umbrella.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it hadn't been a borrowed umbrella. There it is!" and she pointed to one of a lot of umbrellas that had just been turned in.

The place and time of losing the umbrella corresponds with the notes made on the umbrella found, and she is made happy.

"Oh, we get sometimes a hundred pack-



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forget his wife in Savannah, but he was so far away from his old home that he didn't think it was any great wrong to marry again.

By this wife he had four daughters and three sons. Two of these sons are supposed to have been lost with their father on the fatal trip from Hong Kong last May two years ago. The remaining son is on the island of St. David's.

The Queen was known as Dollyboy. She is said to have had some trouble with the German Government that caused her to be absent from home at the time of Mr. Harridge's visit.

Affairs have not progressed well in O'Keefe's family since he died. One of his daughters has taken to the woods with a lover, whom she chose from among the common people. She has gone back to the primitive methods of her ancestors.

There is another daughter, who received an education in a convent at Hong Kong. She is a young woman of good address. She seems to know more about her father's affairs than any of the other children, and to care more for his memory. There are besides two girls not yet grown.

The King did not forget his civilized ways. He had a well stocked library, which is still in his home.

He used to write to his American wife at least twice a year. His remittances for her support were prompt and generous.

Mr. Harridge was not able to verify the story that O'Keefe was thrown up on the island with some wreckage from a vessel in which he had shipped. It is more than probable that O'Keefe went to the little group of islands with the express purpose of winning his way.

O'Keefe left a will, and his executor, William F. Lambert of Hong Kong, is now running his business.

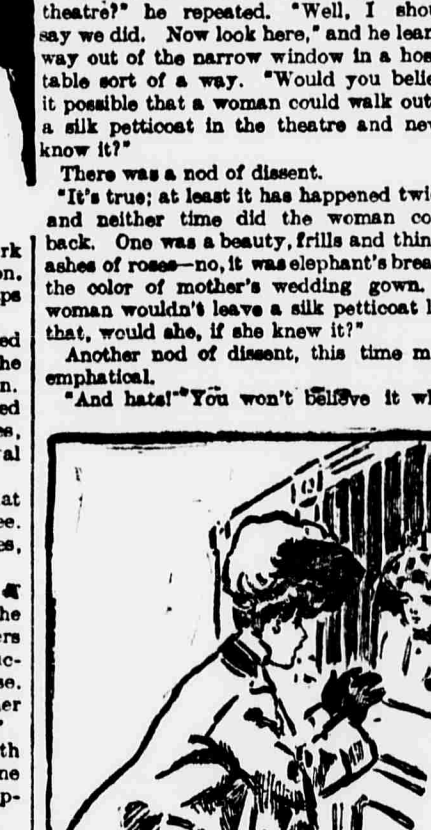
Because He'd Invented a Cattle Corset.

"My confinement in this institution is an outrage," explained the harmless inmate to the asylum visitor. "Jealous dairy cow-pansies have had me railroaded here. They feared that my new cattle corset would drive them out of business."

"What? Oh, nothing much. Just a little idea I had for lacing cows tight enough to make them give condensed milk."

Equine Philosophy.

"Well, I suppose 'all's well that ends well,'" neighed the horse who had just had his tail docked.



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"Fortunately, I remembered exactly the amount of money. I am quite sure if I had been shy three cents I should never have received the portmanteau. His last question was:

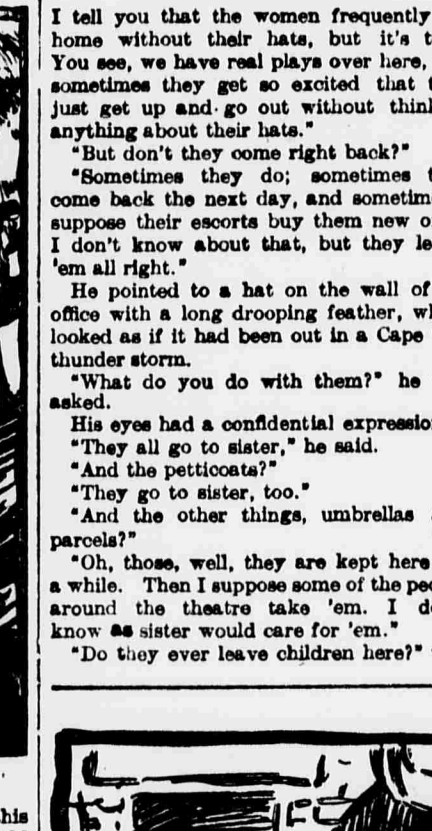
"Is there anything else in the book besides what you have stated that would help you to identify it?"

"There is," I answered promptly. "There is a receipt for a week's board for a bull pup."

"Why didn't you mention that at first?" he asked irritably. "I don't suppose," and he looked at me very suspiciously, "there's another young woman in New York that carries her dog's board bills around in her pocketbook."

"I got the pocketbook all right."

At the theatre window the blond haired ticket seller was apparently pleased at the questions asked about things lost in the theatre. It was on the West Side, and all day long a line of would-be ticket buyers marched by in a seemingly endless procession. For the moment, however, there was a respite.



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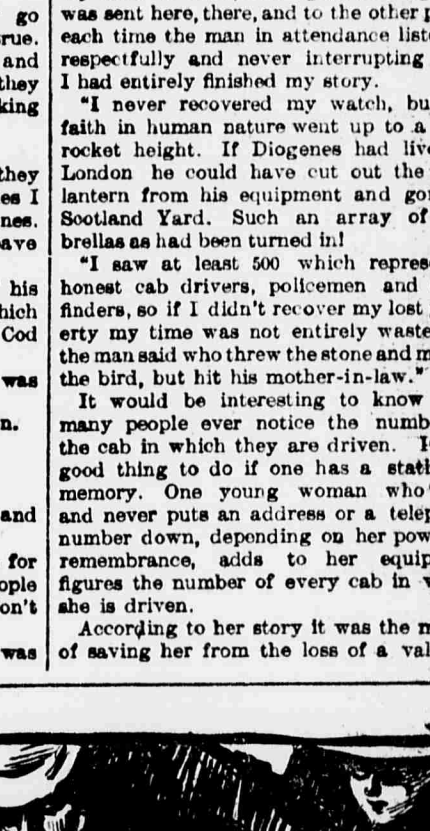
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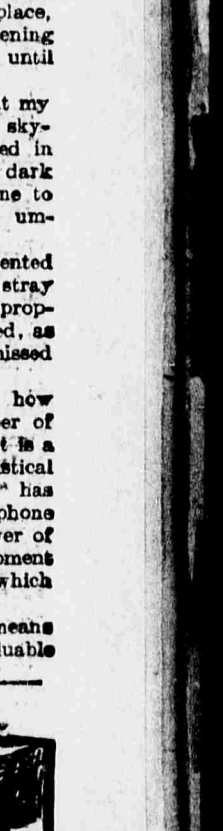
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THE KING OF FARAWAY YAP

DAVID O'KEEFE REALLY A MONARCH OF THE SOUTH SEA.

A Savannah Lawyer Investigates His Story and Finds It True—His American Widow and Daughter May Get a Half Million From His Estate—Left a Family in Yap.

SAVANNAH, Oct. 10.—There seems to be a good basis of fact for the story of David O'Keefe, the Irishman who is said to have been wrecked upon the island of Yap in the Caroline group and there to have established a kingdom over which he ruled for many years. Walter C. Harridge, a Savannah attorney, has just returned from a visit to Yap, whither he went to investigate the story in behalf of O'Keefe's widow and daughter, Mrs. Catherine O'Keefe and Mrs. J. F. Butler, both of Savannah.

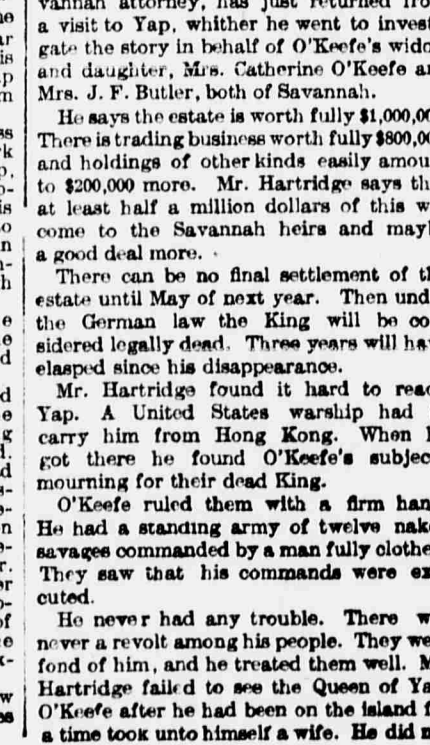
He says the estate is worth fully \$1,000,000. There is trading business worth fully \$800,000, and holdings of other kinds easily amount to \$200,000 more. Mr. Harridge says that at least half a million dollars of this will come to the Savannah heirs and maybe a good deal more.

There can be no final settlement of the estate until May of next year. Then under the German law the King will be considered legally dead. Three years will have elapsed since his disappearance.

Mr. Harridge found it hard to reach Yap. A United States warship had to carry him from Hong Kong. When he got there he found O'Keefe's subjects mourning for their dead King.

O'Keefe ruled them with a firm hand. He had a standing army of twelve naked savages commanded by a man fully clothed. They saw that his commands were executed.

He never had any trouble. There was never a revolt among his people. They were fond of him, and he treated them well. Mr. Harridge failed to see the Queen of Yap. O'Keefe after he had been on the island for a time took unto himself a wife. He did not



THIS STUDENT EARNED \$175.

A SUMMER'S WORK AT A WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTEL.

He Needed the Money to Pay His Tuition Fees in the Fall and He Got It by Serving as a Bell Boy—Lots of Other Young Fellows in the Same Situation.

"Yes, I am going to start in my work this fall with enough money to pay for my tuition and a little left over for incidentals," said a young art student just back from the White Mountains, where he had been employed during the summer as a bellboy at a hotel. "When I went up there I had between \$10 and \$15. When I came back I had something like \$175."

Among his fellow bellboys at the hotel were five or six college men, and the rest were from preparatory schools. They were young chaps of good families and good training, and several were there more for a lark than because they had to earn money.

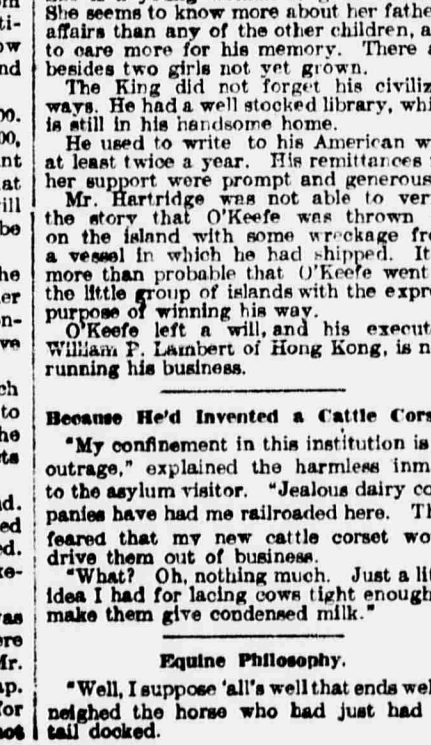
"We were all out for the money," said the art student. "Whoever wanted anything from us had to pay for it. It's the American way, and as our wages weren't more than a dollar a day, except in one or two cases, we went after tips red hot. Taking my case as an example, you can see that we got them."

"There are lots of things a fellow can do to earn money at a summer hotel. At many of the hotels the clerks are college men. I know of at least one place where the head waiter is a college student."

"My ability to dab with things with a pencil or a paint brush brought me in several dollars. I earned \$10 or \$15 by marking suit cases with the initials of the owners."

"Another source of income was opened to me while I was out on the golf links one day. I had taken along new paints and brushes and was engaged in making a modest little impressionistic picture of the course when a nice oldish woman spotted me."

"She saw the painting, was tickled with the idea of having the sketch as a reminder



ALARM WATCHES.

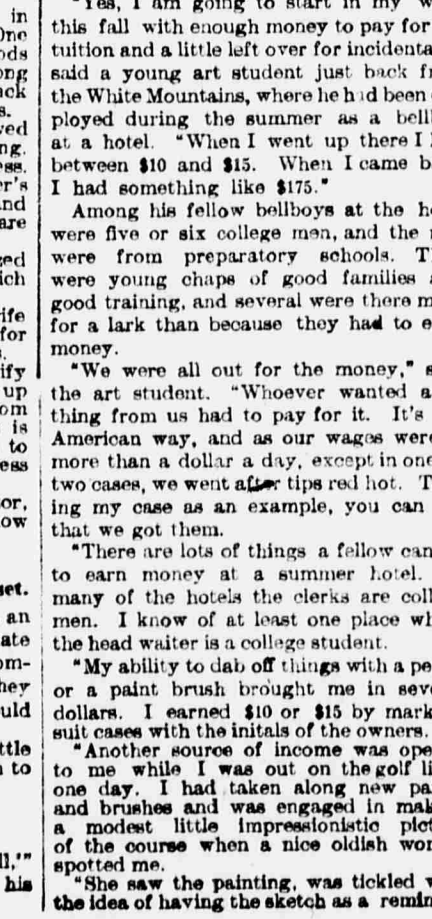
Carried by Travellers and Used as Reminders of Engagements by Day.

The newest thing in alarm timepieces is an alarm watch. It looks like an ordinary watch, but has a going in its interior.

You set it at the hour you want it to go off and wind it just as you would an alarm clock, and it goes off at the time set with a clatter of astonishing vigor and volume of sound when the size of the mechanism is considered.

The alarm watch may be made to serve the usual purpose of an alarm clock, the man carrying it as a watch by day setting it and winding it as an alarm, and placing it perhaps on a chair at his bedside, or under his pillow at night. It is carried by travellers as an ordinary watch, and it may be used as a reminder of an engagement by day.

They are not expensive, the alarm watches, a stonewinder in a gun metal case costing \$8.



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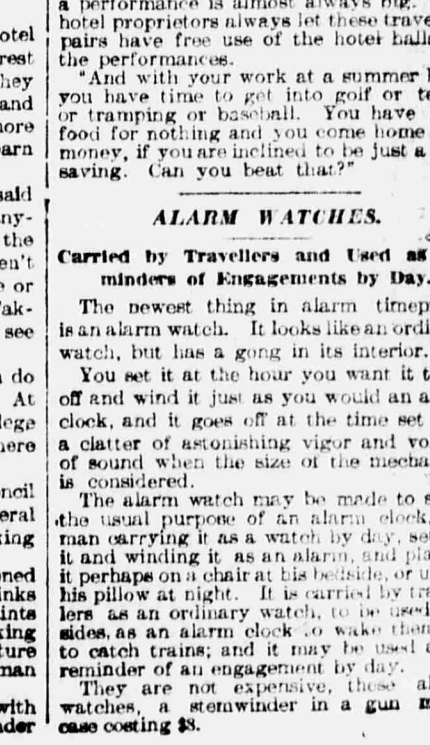
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—looks upon an execution as a matter of business, nothing else. In this he reminds one very much of little Joe Atkinson, the old Tombs hangman, who was as cheerful an executioner as one would care to meet.

"My dear sir, I do not kill these men," said Mr. Davis just after the Van Wormer execution to an inquirer. "The people of the State of New York, acting through a Judge and jury, kill them."

I am simply the instrument of the law. I work the machinery by which the State of New York takes the lives of murderers."

Davis is a little, gray haired man of 60. Ask a New York politician who is the hardest man to find in the city and he will tell you Tim Sullivan. Ask a State official at Albany, especially Superintendent of



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Has Put Seventy-four Persons to Death—Nobody Knows Where to Find Him Between Executions—Is Threatened: Don't Afraid—His Views of His Calling.

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